

GOLD



KEY

THE JETSONS

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HANNA-BARBERA

# *The* JETSONS

10041-511

NOVEMBER





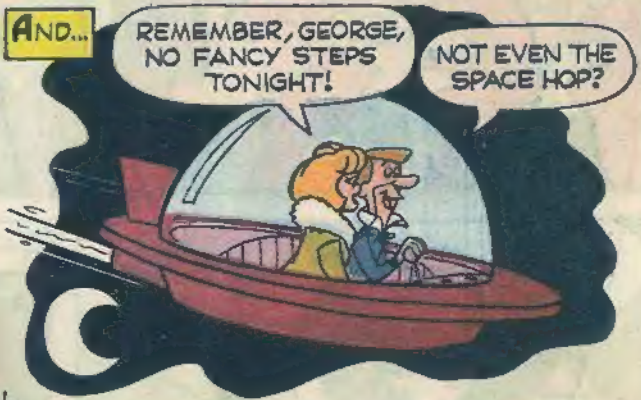


JANE, WHAT SUIT SHALL I WEAR TO THE LODGE DANCE TONIGHT?

OH, WEAR THE BLUE ONE, DEAR! YOU LOOK SO DIGNIFIED IN IT!



YES, YOU'RE RIGHT—I DO LOOK DIGNIFIED!



AND...

REMEMBER, GEORGE, NO FANCY STEPS TONIGHT!

NOT EVEN THE SPACE HOP?



NO, DEAR, THAT'S FOR THE TEEN-AGERS!

WELL, HERE WE ARE!



COME ON, JANE, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO SOME OF MY NEW LODGE MEMBERS!

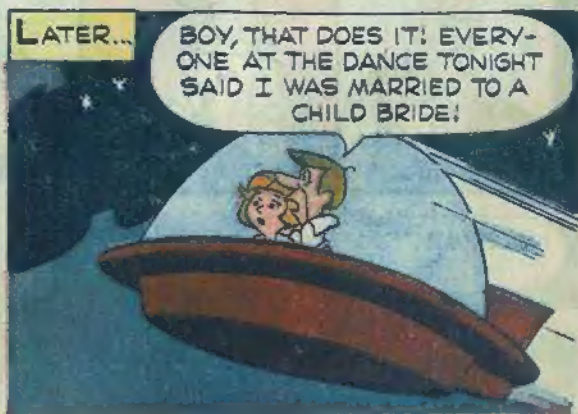
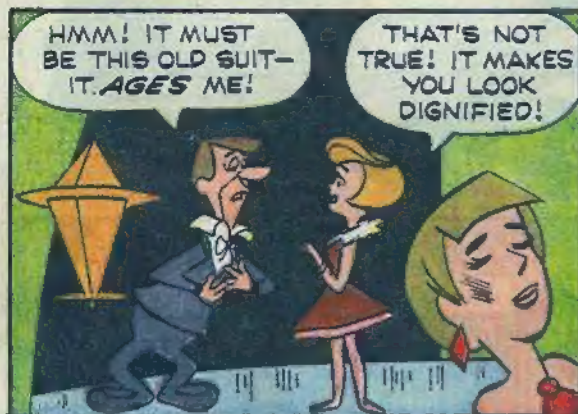
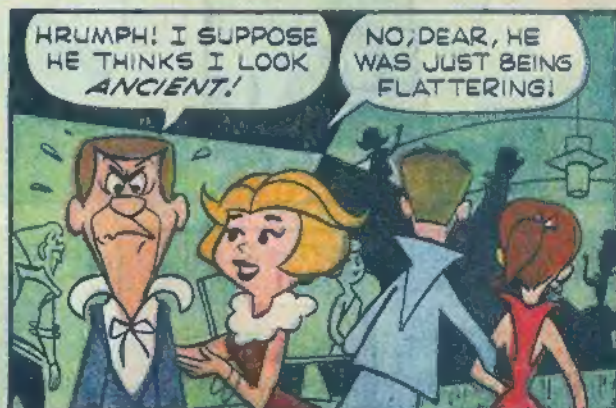
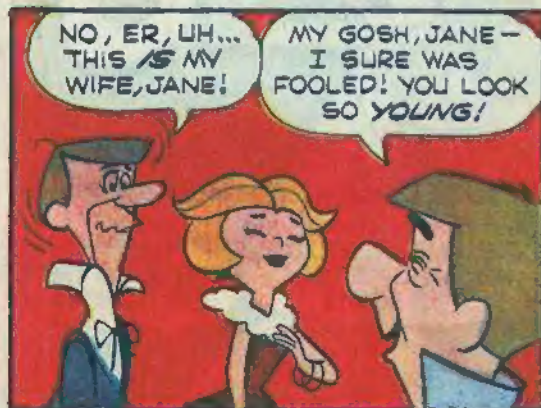
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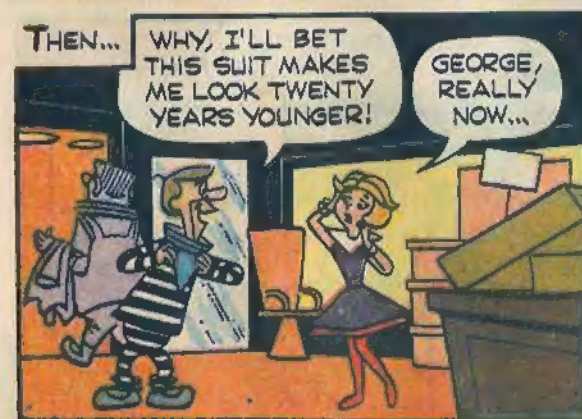
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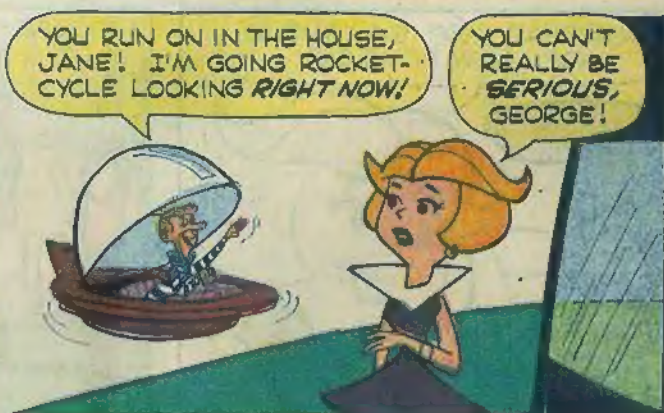




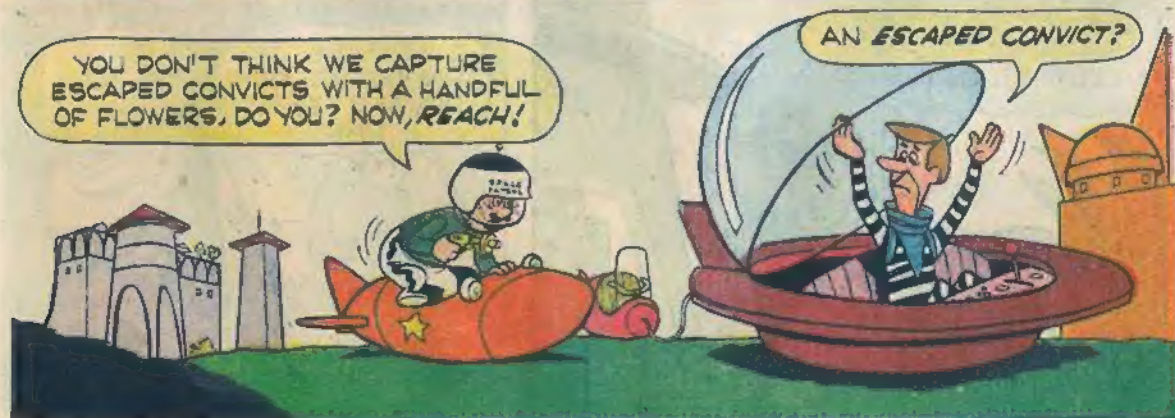
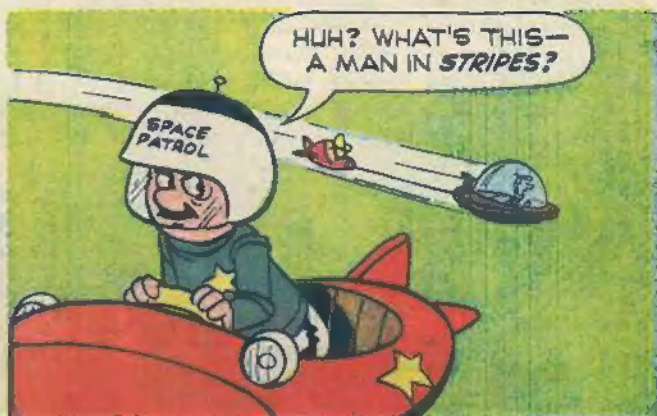




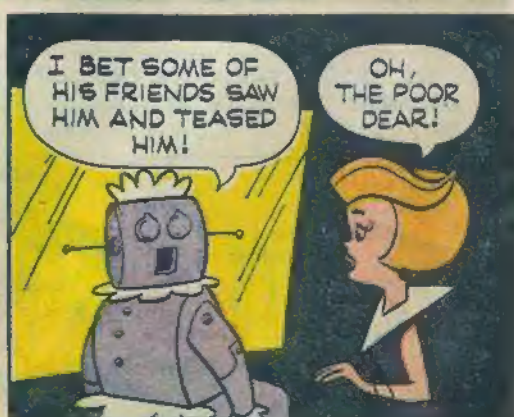
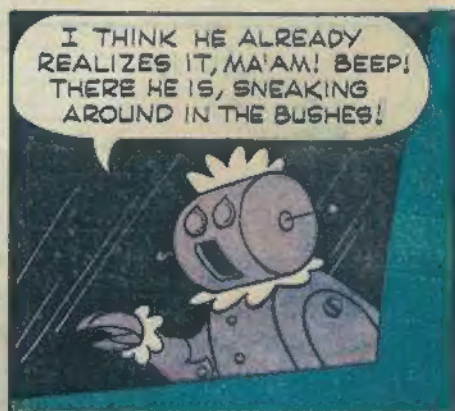
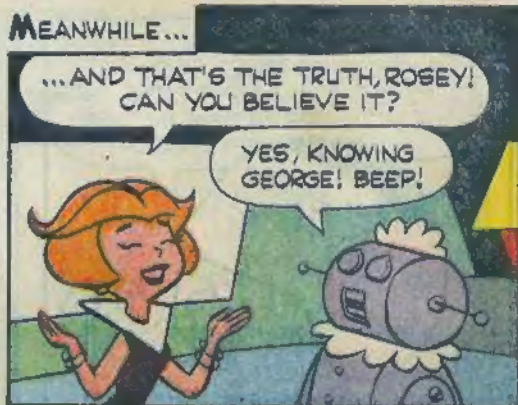




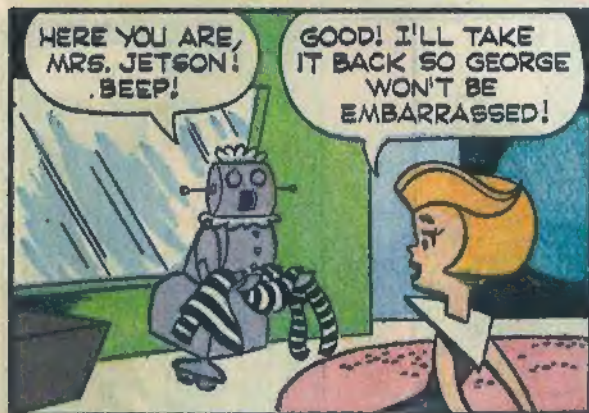




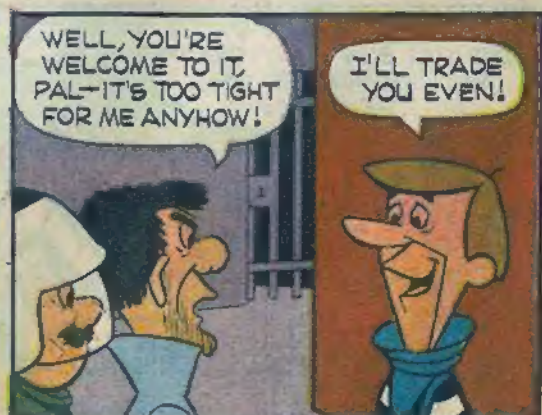




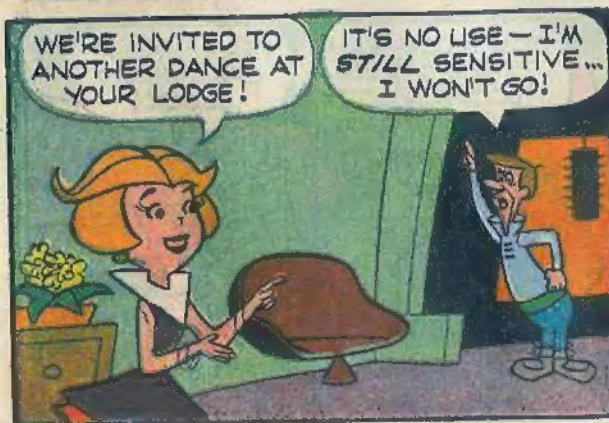
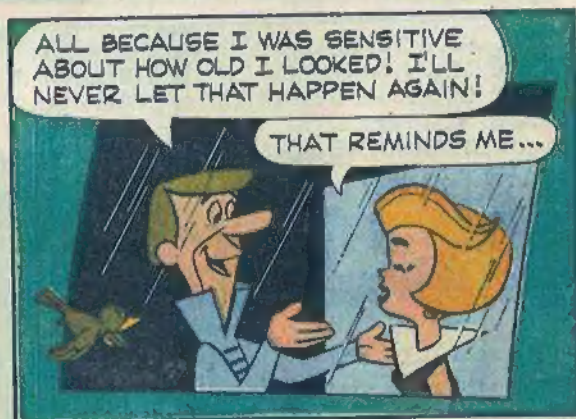
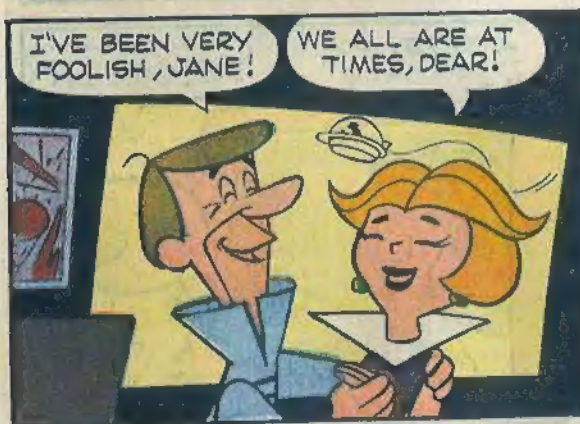




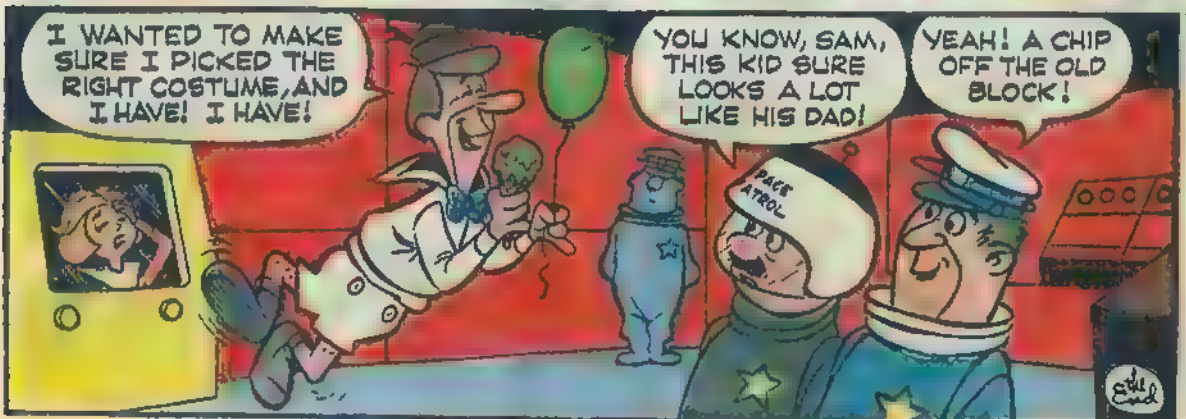
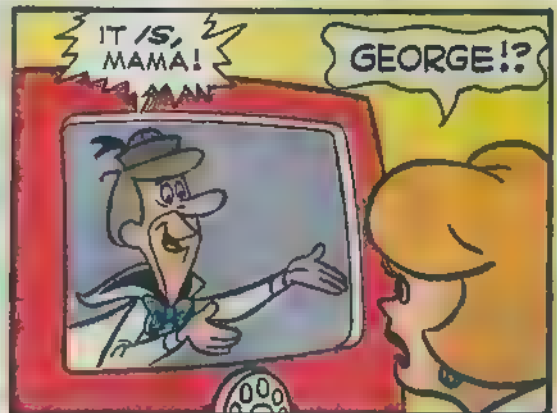
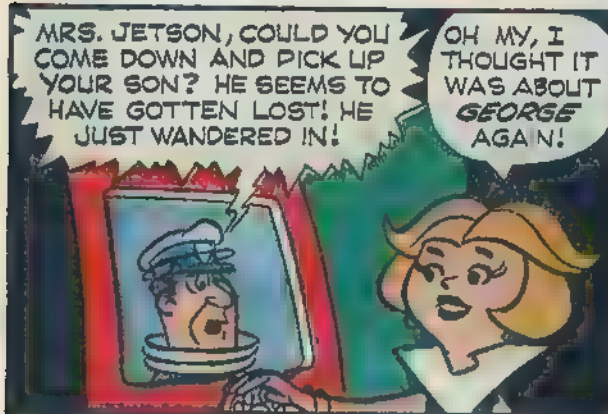
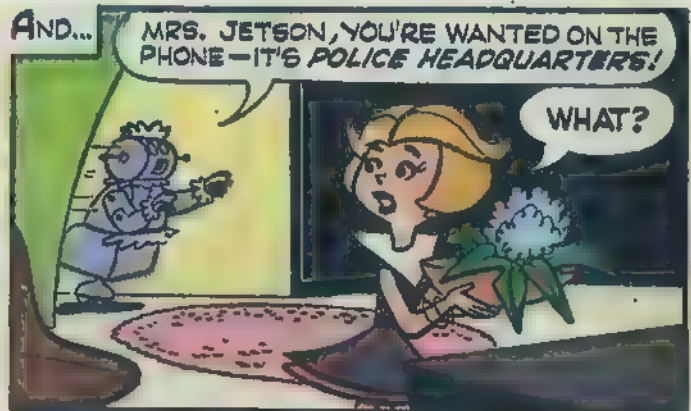
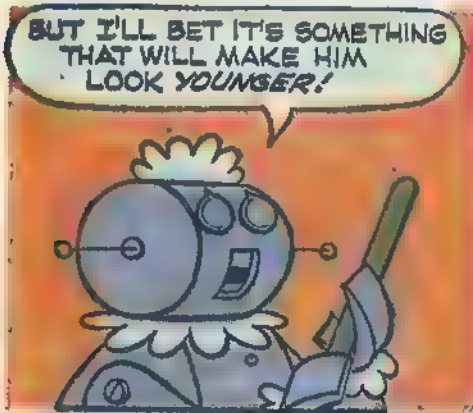
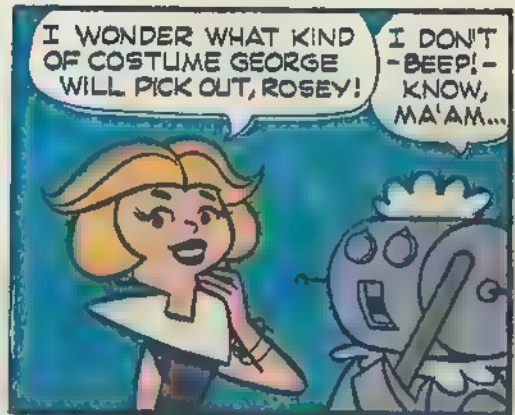
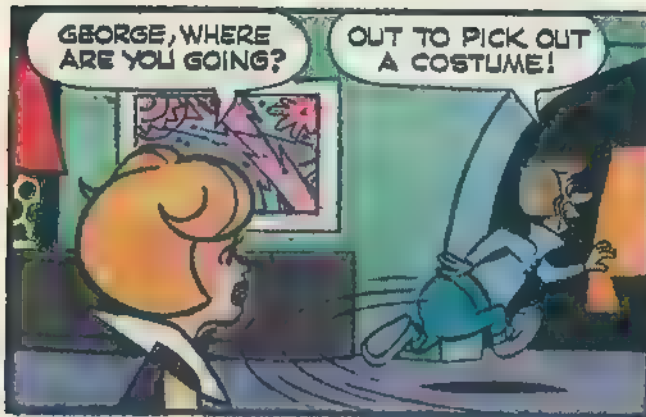






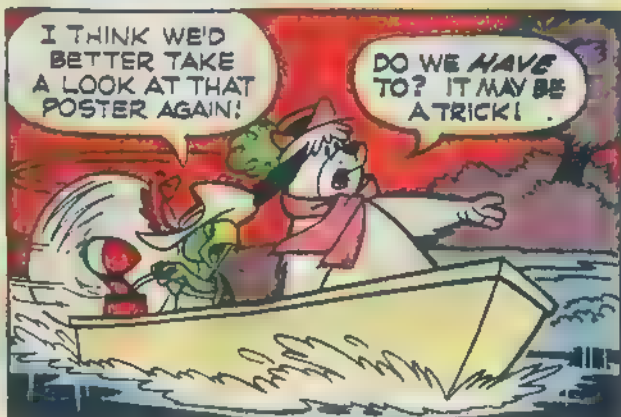
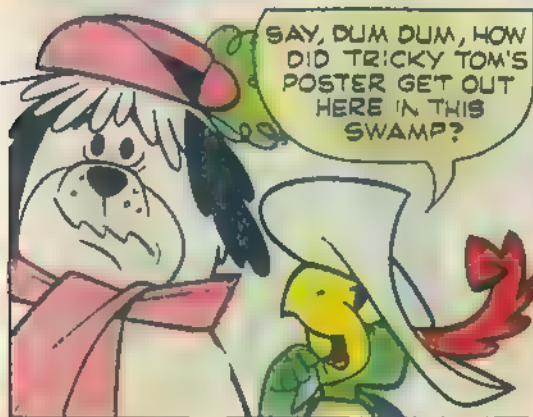
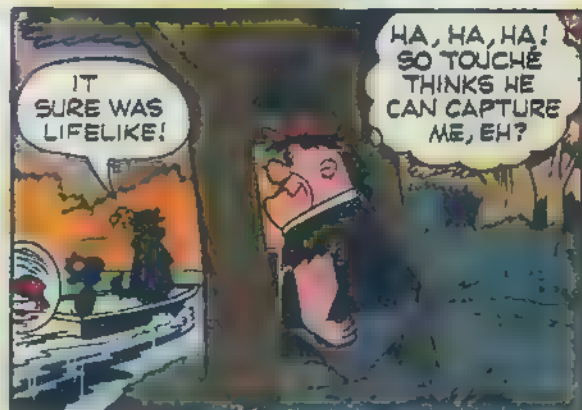
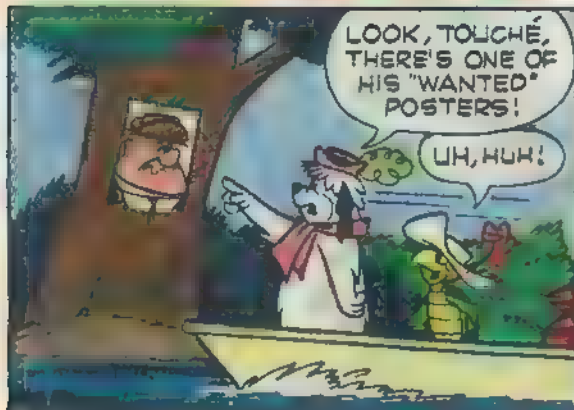
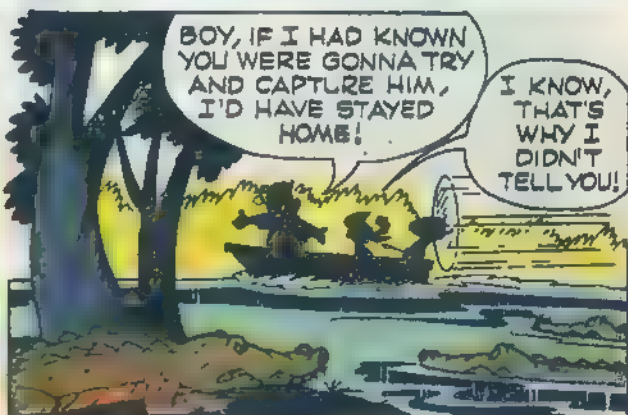
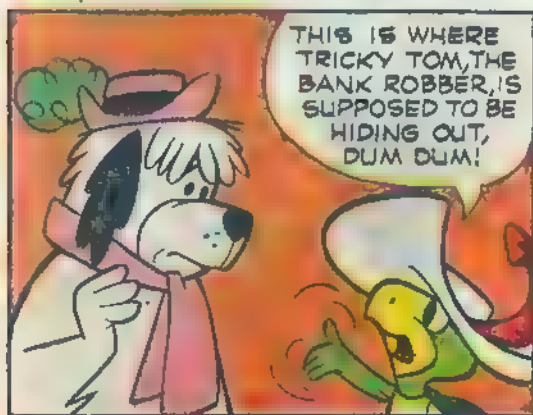
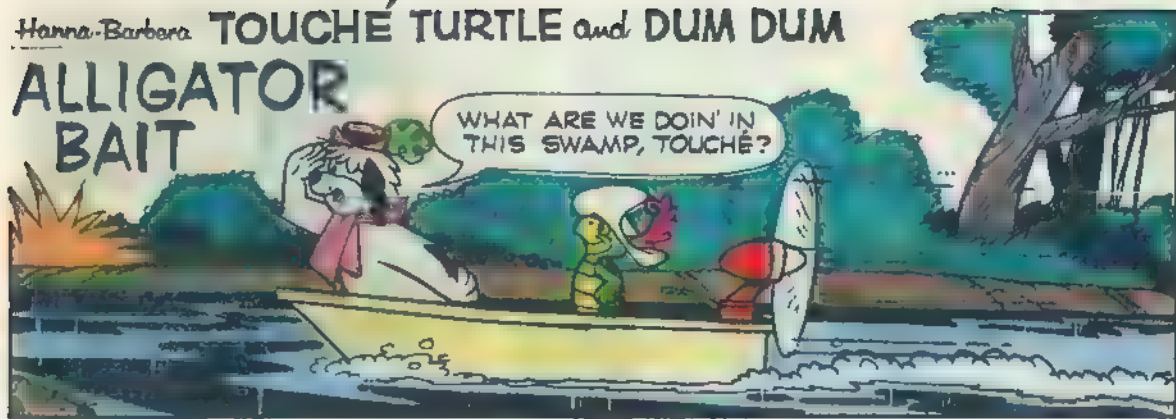




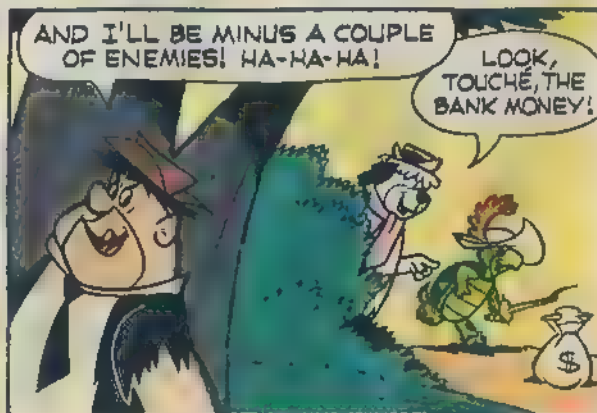
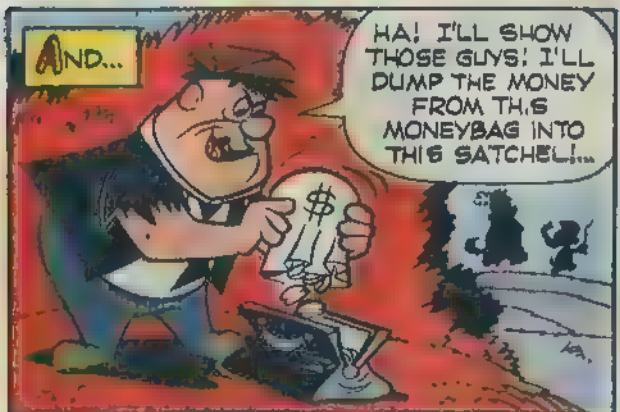
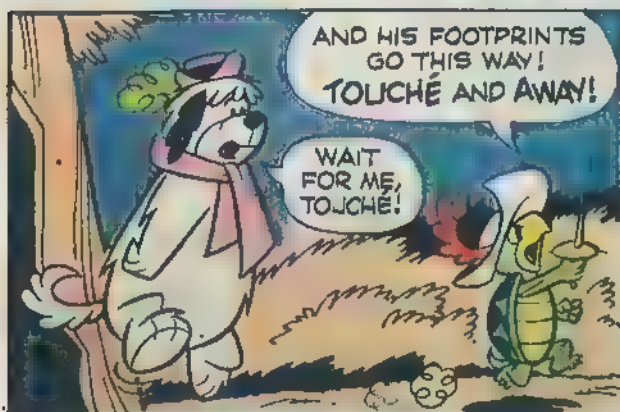
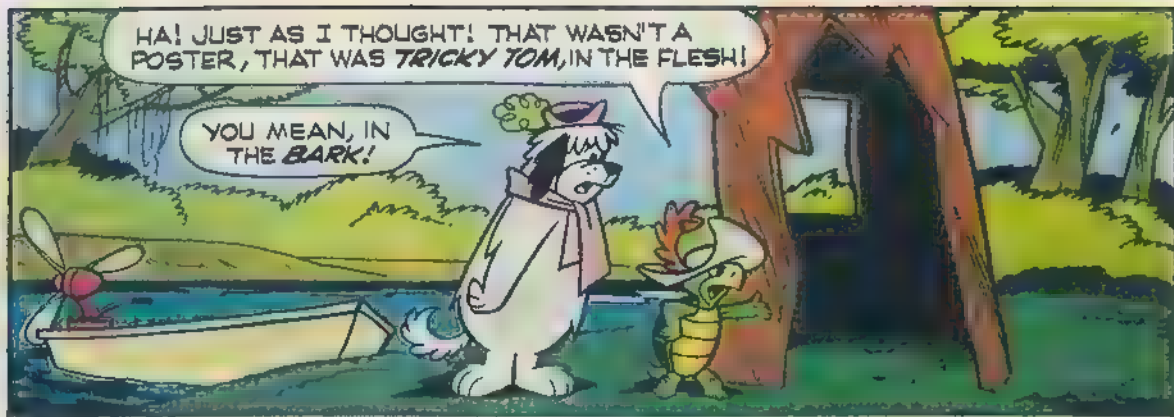




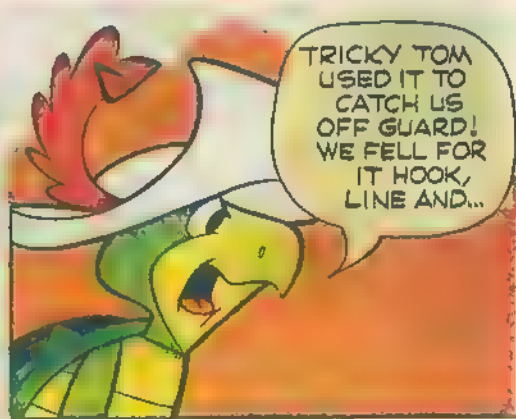
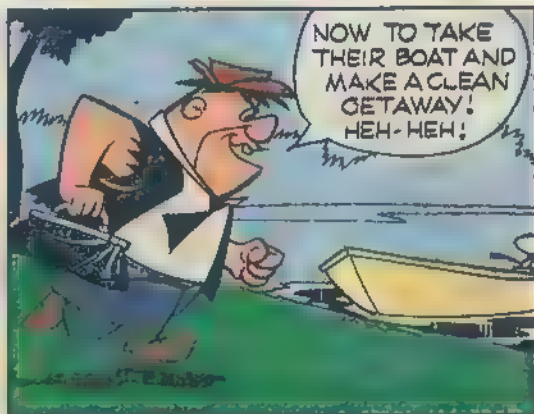
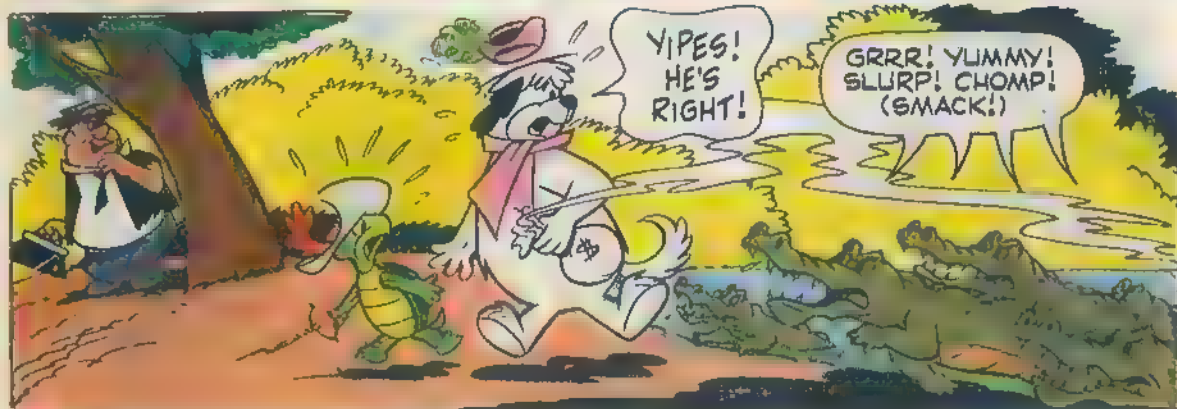
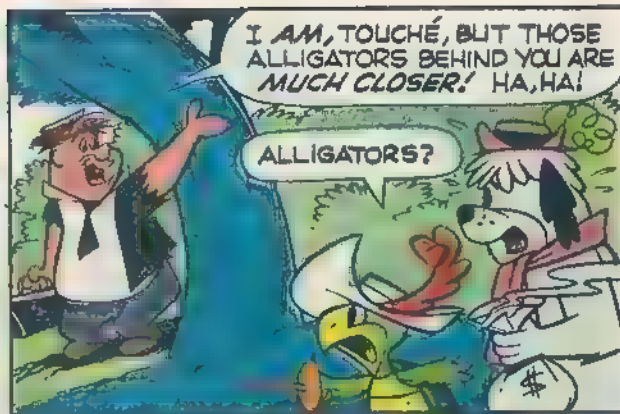
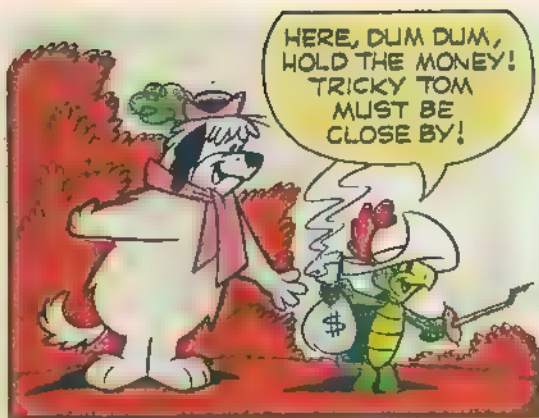
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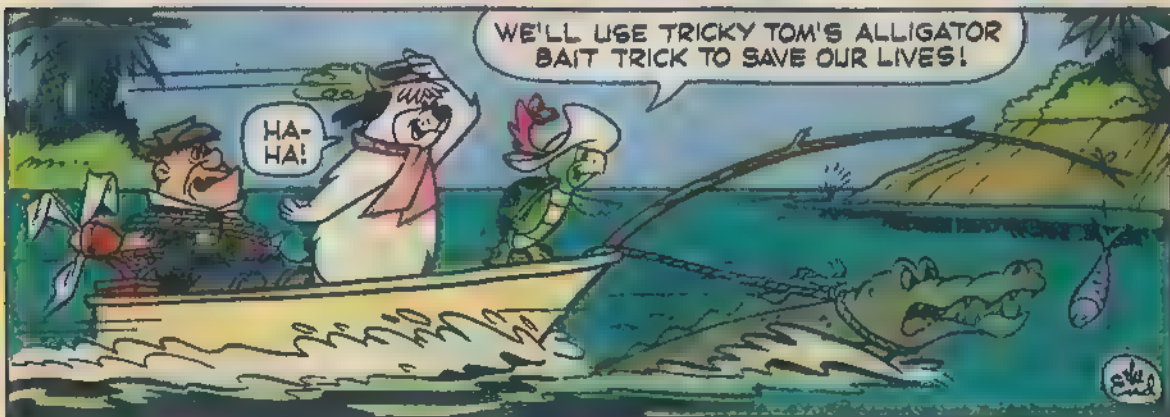
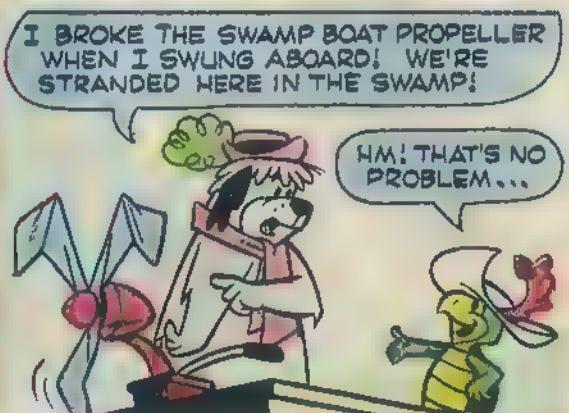
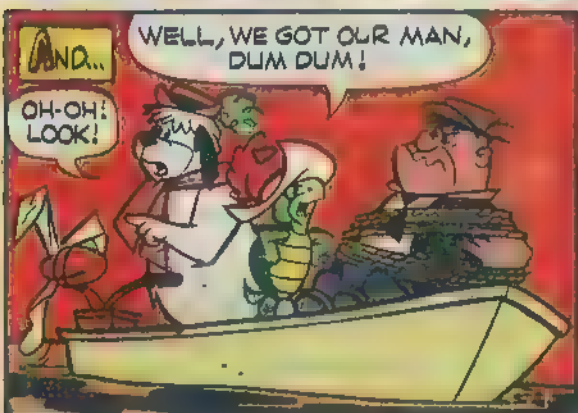
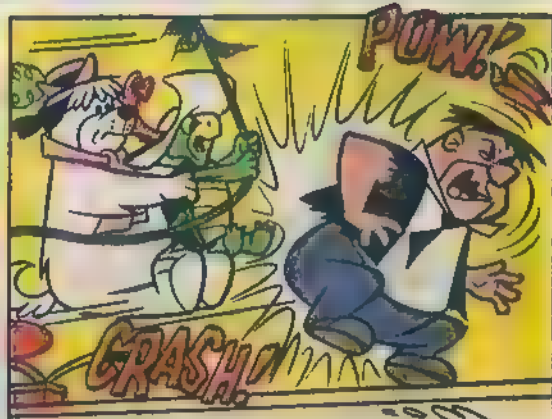
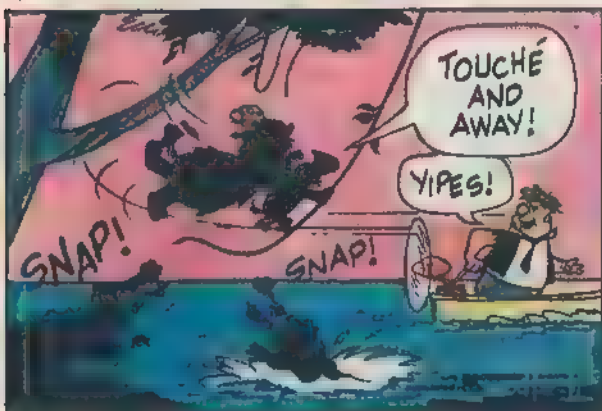
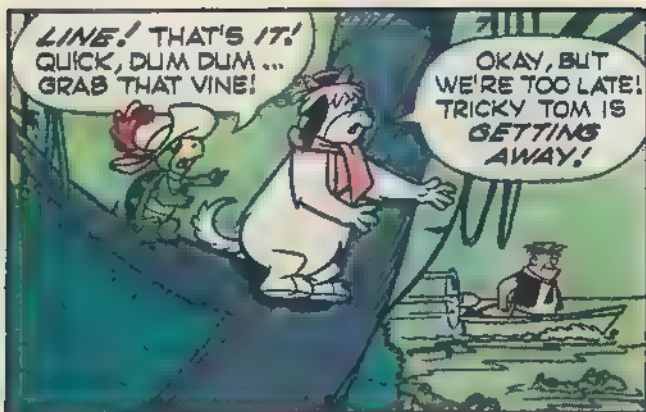
















"Pop!" cried Junior as he came home from ghoul school one day. "Guess what? There's going to be a pet show in town next week, with a prize for the most unusual pet."

"That's nice!" said J. Evil. "Are you going to enter one of your pets?"

"Sure!" replied Junior. "But which one of them should I enter? The crocodile or the octopus, the giant tarantula or one of the vultures?"

"Hmmm!" pondered J. Evil. "They are all nice pets, but the trouble is that none of them is really unusual. I'm sure EVERYBODY has a crocodile or an octopus or a vulture or a giant tarantula!"

"You're probably right!" Junior sighed. "but I'd sure like to win that prize."

Now, if J. Evil had a heart, it would be in the right place; so he whacked his son on the head and said, "Tell you what! I'll go out and find you an unusual pet!"

He went into town and stopped at a pet store. In the window were several puppies, kittens, white mice and bunny rabbits.

J. Evil shuddered. "I think I'm on the wrong track. I couldn't stand to have one of those horrible, cute little beasts in the house. They give me the creeps!"

He finally gave up and went home. Junior was disappointed, but he took it like the little monster he was. He threw a fit!

Goonda came into the room at that moment carrying a huge egg.

"I wish you'd find some other place for this old egg!" she said to J. Evil. "It's been cluttering up my freezer for hundreds and hundreds of years!"

That gave J. Evil an idea.

"Junior," he said, taking the egg, "you might get your unusual pet yet!"

He took the egg down to his laboratory, and he put it in one of his weird machines. He turned a knob, and the air was filled with sparks and crackling noises.

"I'm going to try to hatch it!" he told Junior. "I found it in an old cave out in the Forgotten Badlands, a long time ago!"

In a few minutes, the egg began to stir, and then a crack appeared. Suddenly it flew apart, revealing an ugly, lizard-like beast that glared around, snorting fire and smoke through its nostrils.

"Ahah!" cried J. Evil triumphantly. "A fire-breathing nastysaurus! They have been extinct five million years! There's your unusual pet, my boy!"

Next day, they took the nastysaurus to the pet show in an insulated box, and they went up to the judges' stand.

"We would like to enter our pet in the show," said J. Evil, opening the box. Out jumped the nastysaurus, hissing and snorting fire in all directions.

Pandemonium reigned! People grabbed their pets and swarmed toward the exits!

A blast of fire from the nastysaurus set fire to the judges' stand. As the judges made a frantic retreat, one of them shoved a fancy certificate at J. Evil and Junior.

"Here!" he gasped. "I officially declare the pet show to be over! You win!"

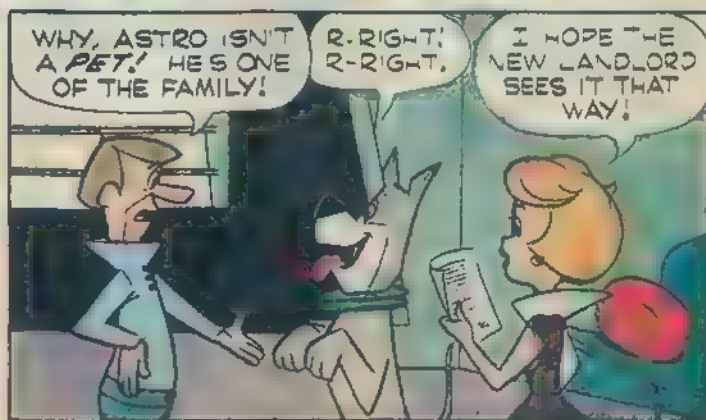
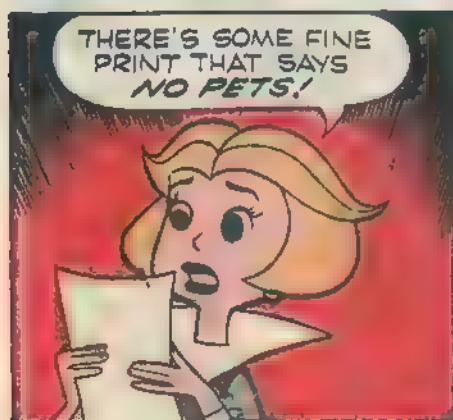
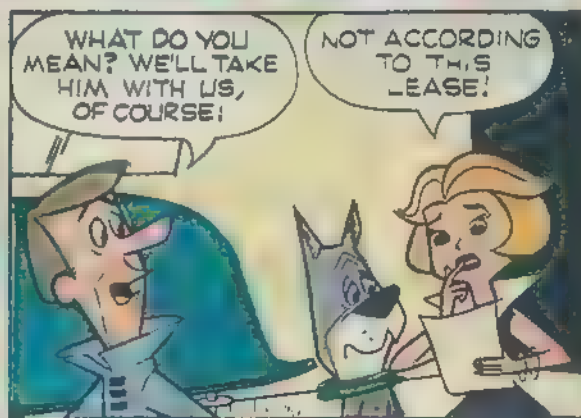
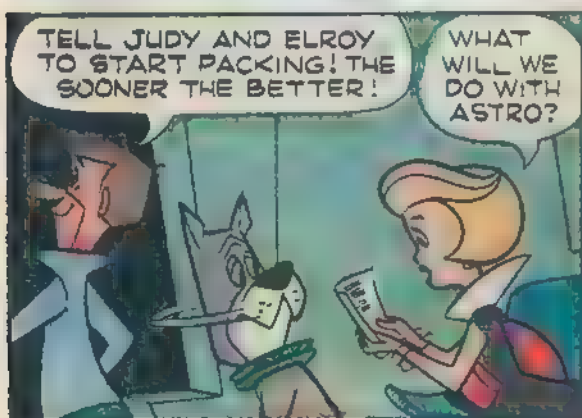
Later at home, J. Evil looked over the certificate. "How about that?" he chuckled. "Our pet won the grand prize for being the most unusual pet, also the most intelligent, most obedient, best looking, and the cutest..." He stopped and threw the paper to the floor. "I can't accept this!"

"Why not?" asked Junior.

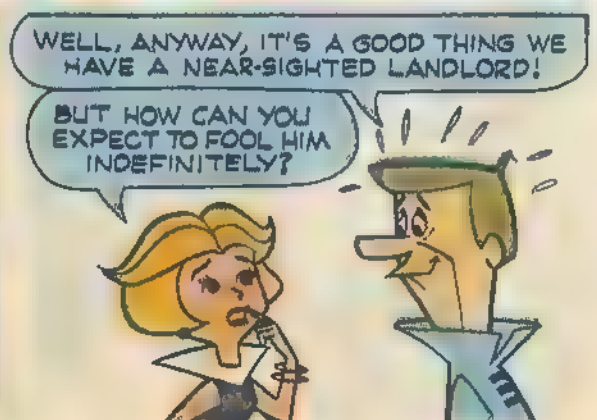
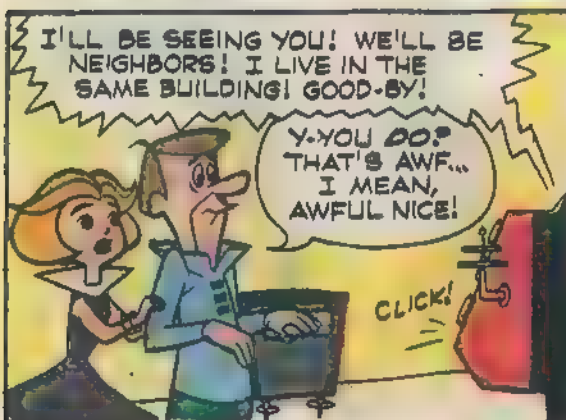
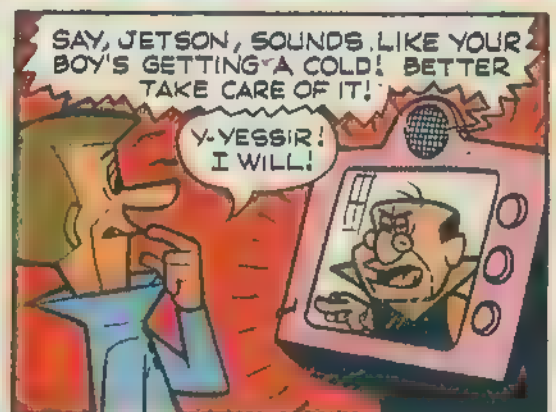
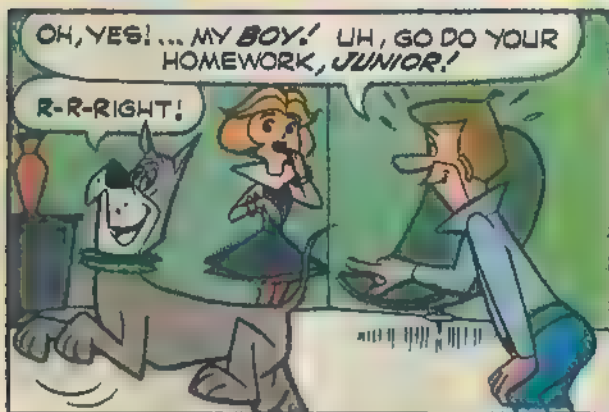
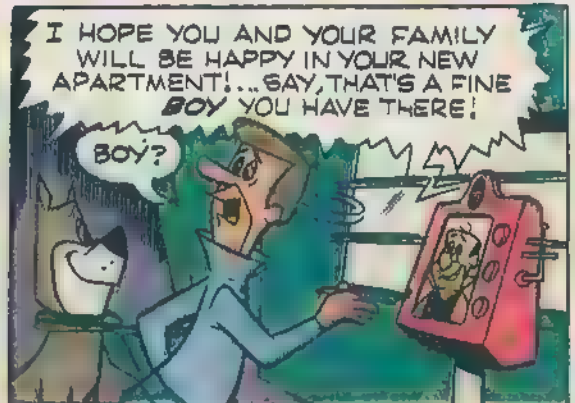
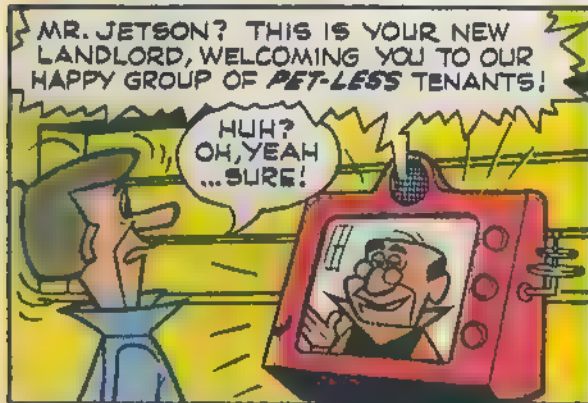
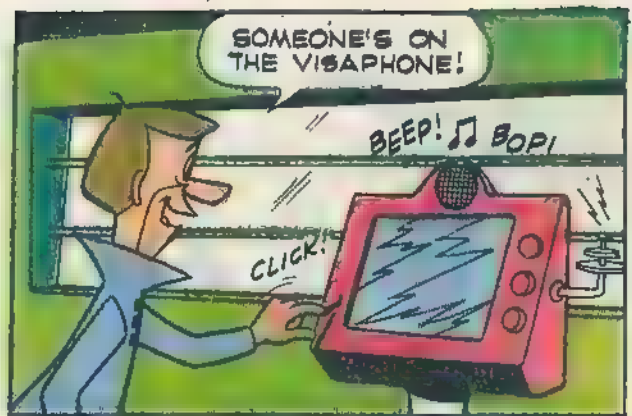
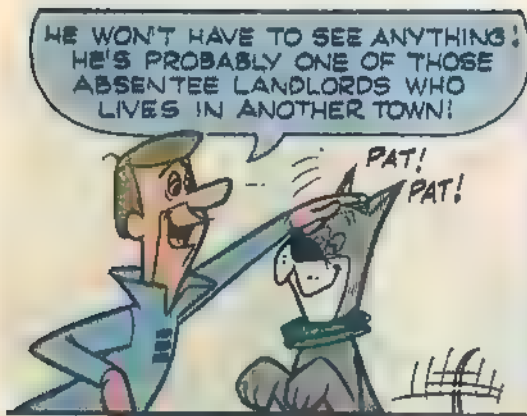
"I'll agree he's the most unusual, intelligent, obedient, and the best looking, but I just won't go along with anyone insulting him by calling him CUTE!" J. Evil stormed. "He's anything but that!"



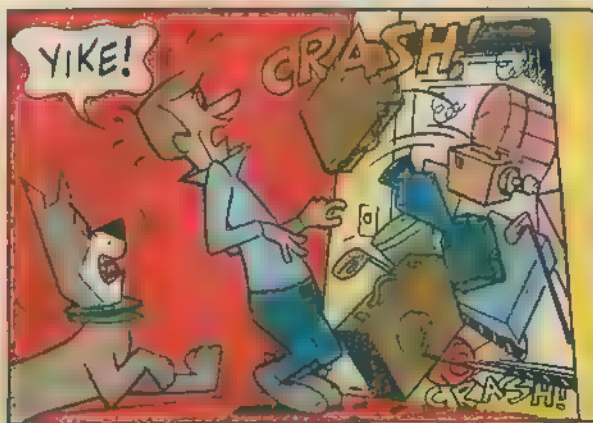
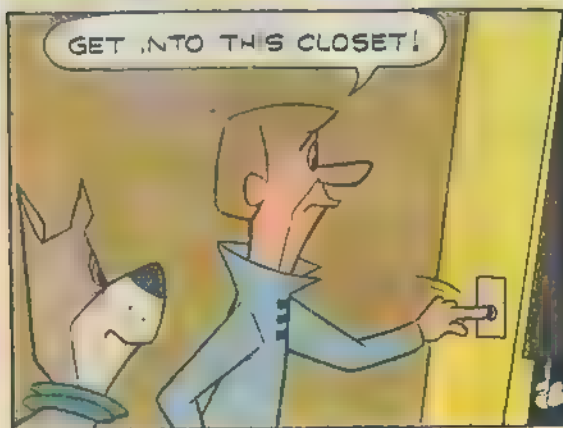
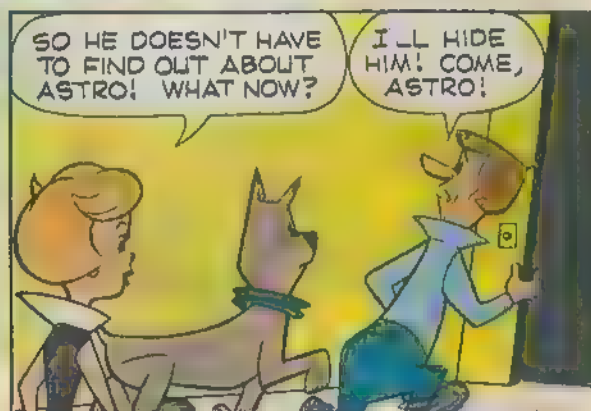
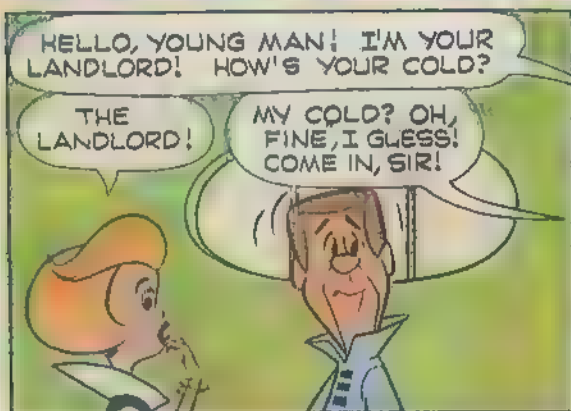
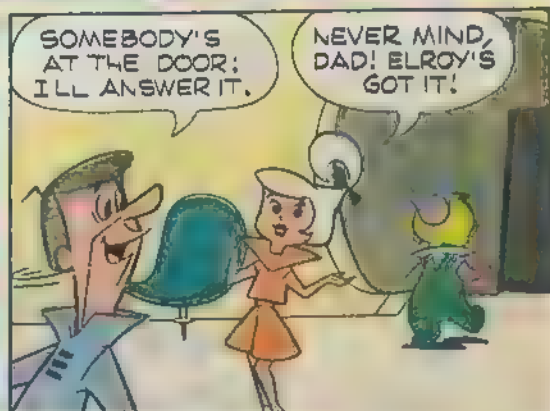
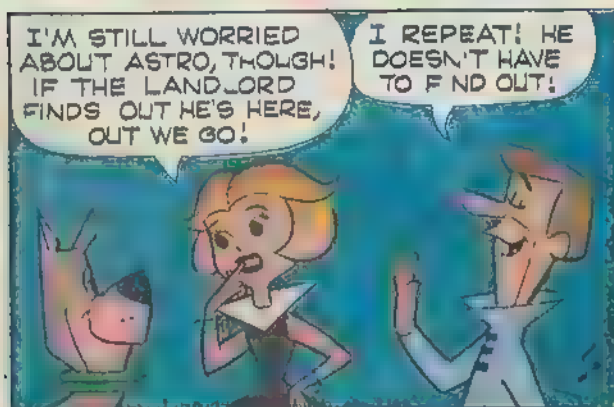
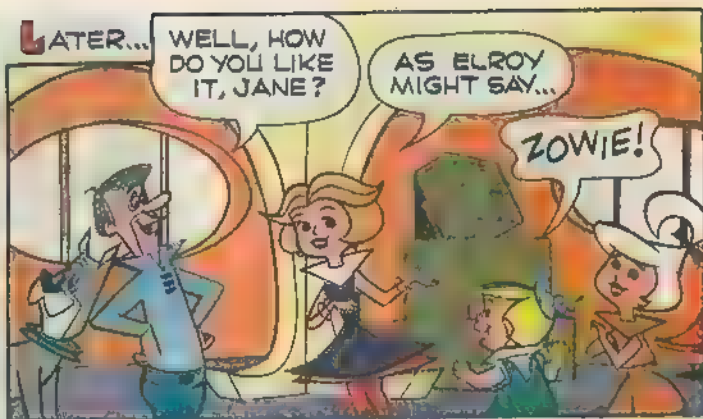
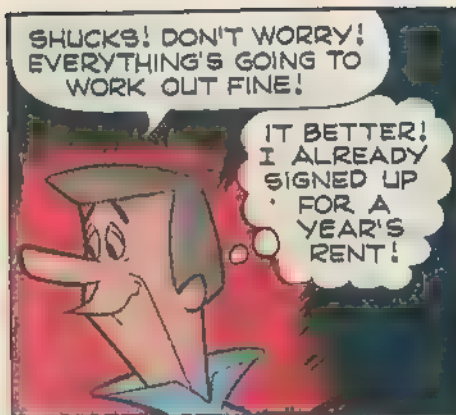
# THE PET PROBLEM



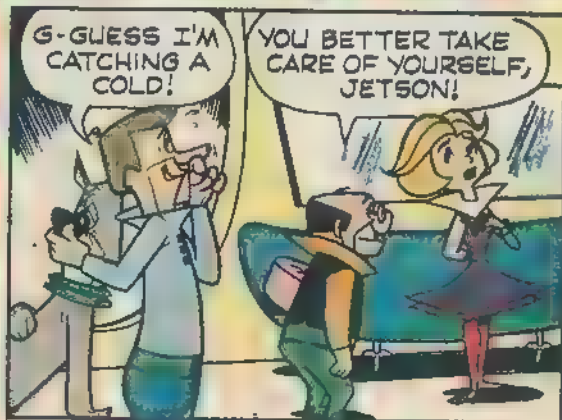
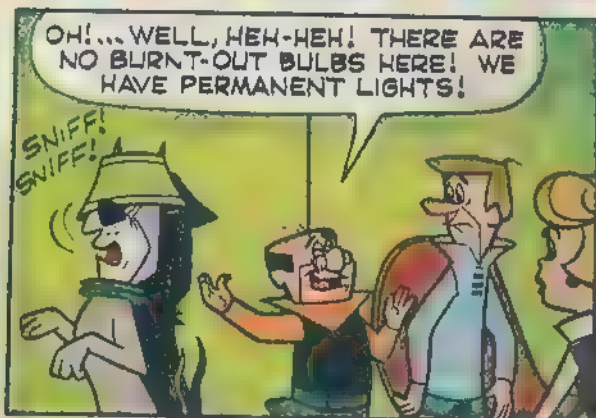
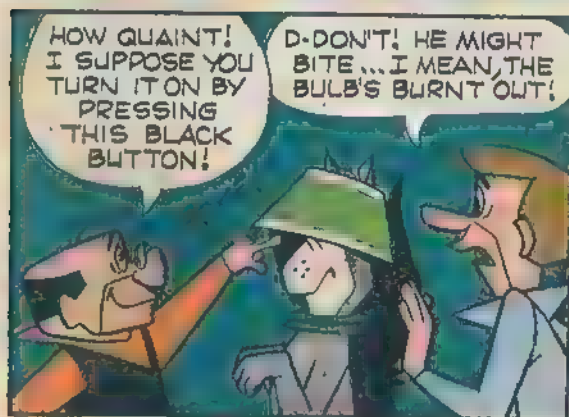
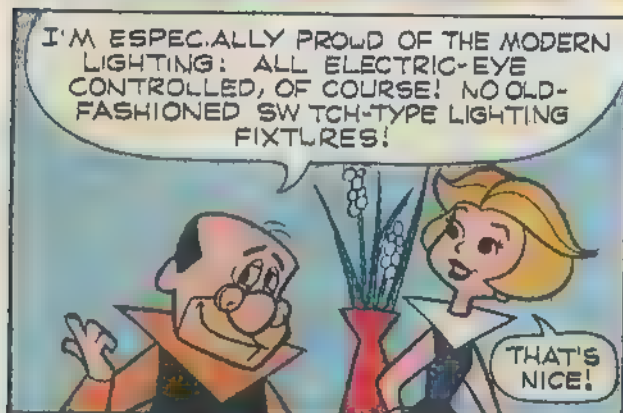
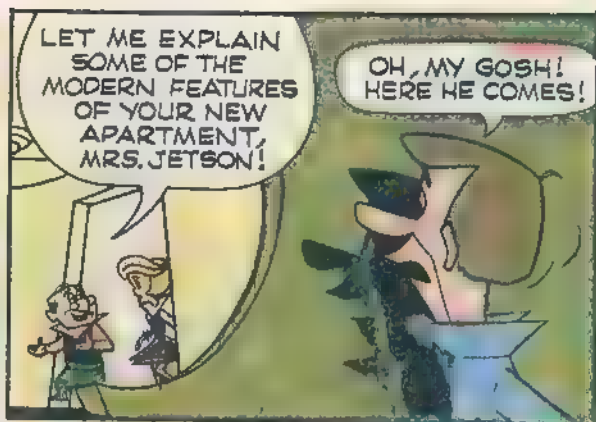




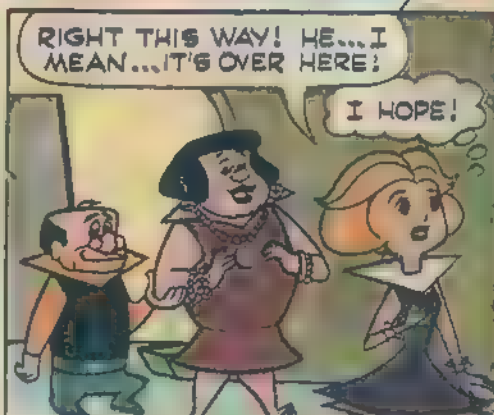
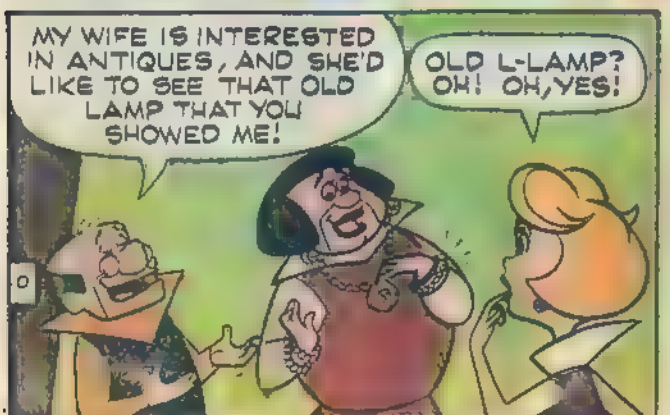
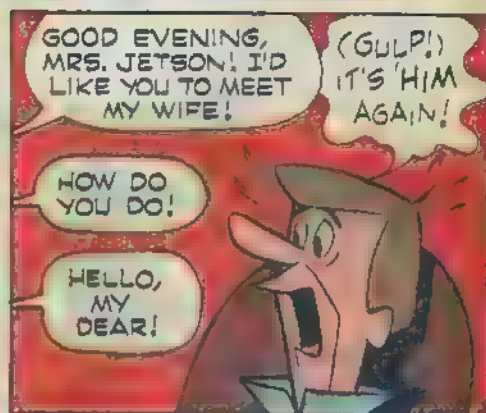
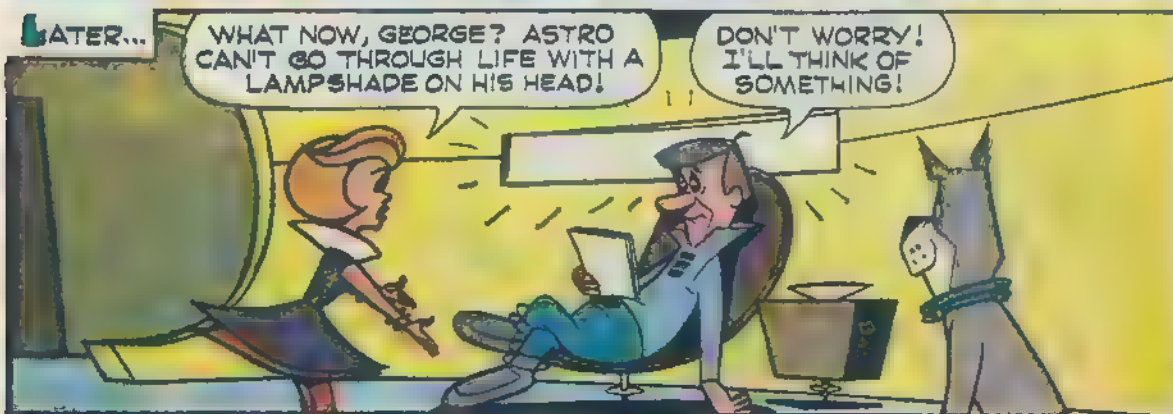
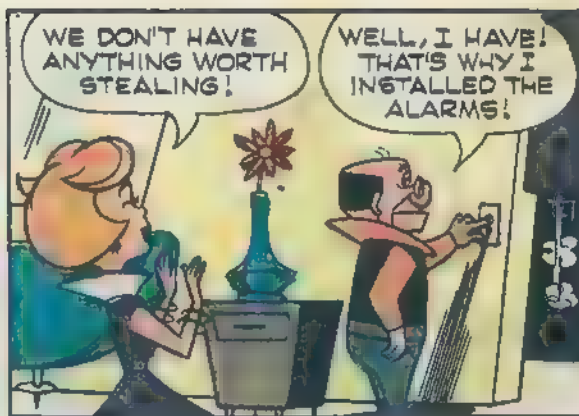
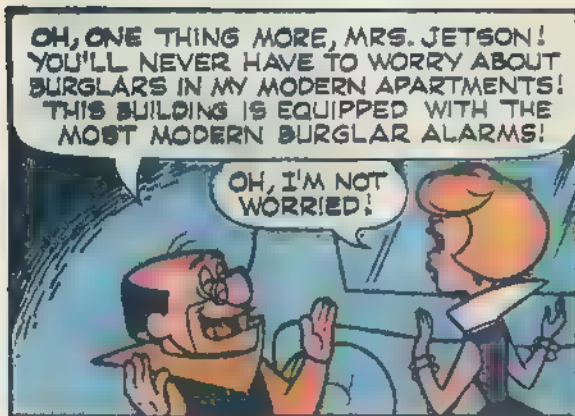




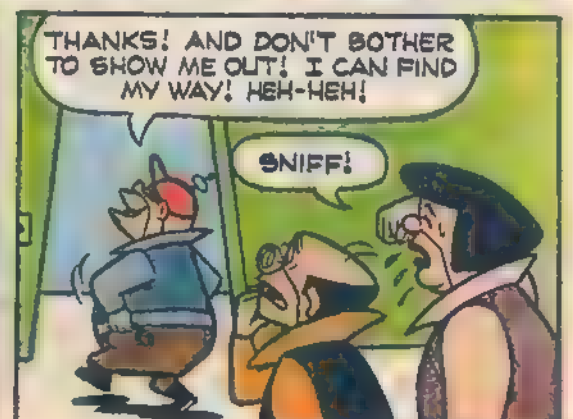
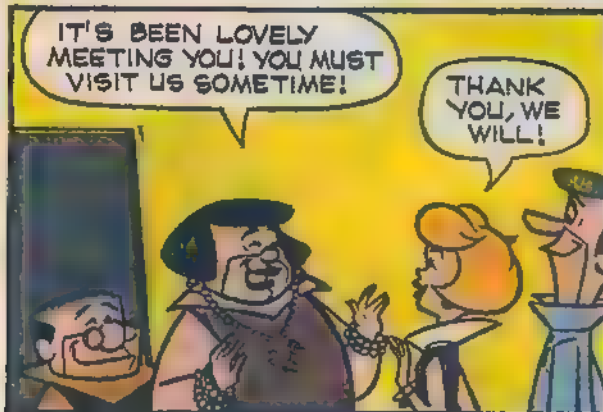
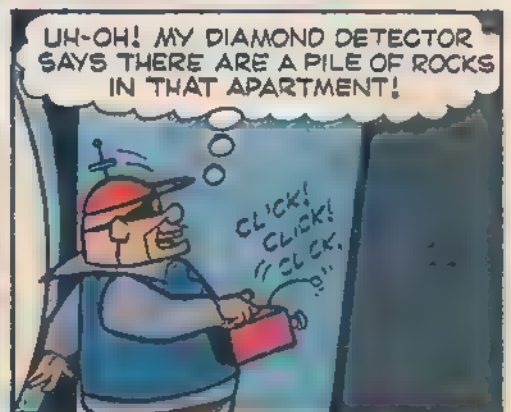
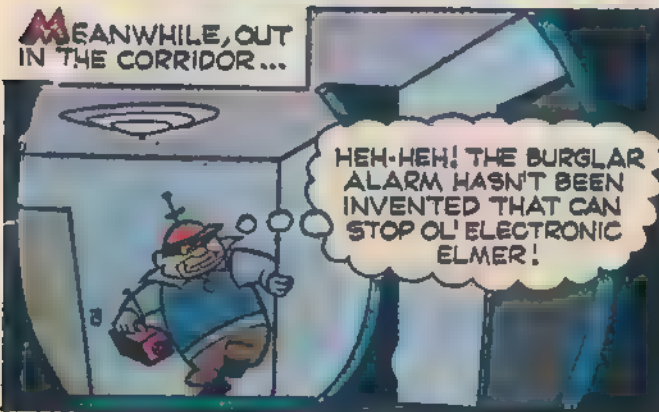
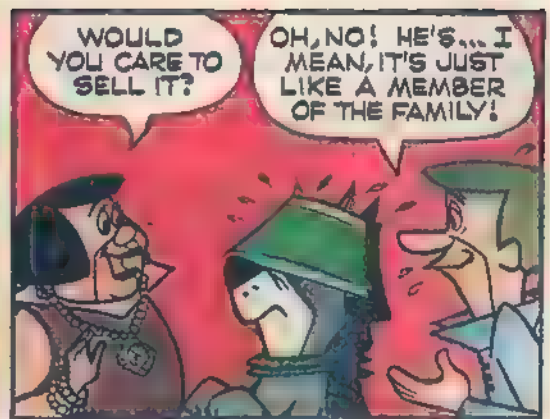
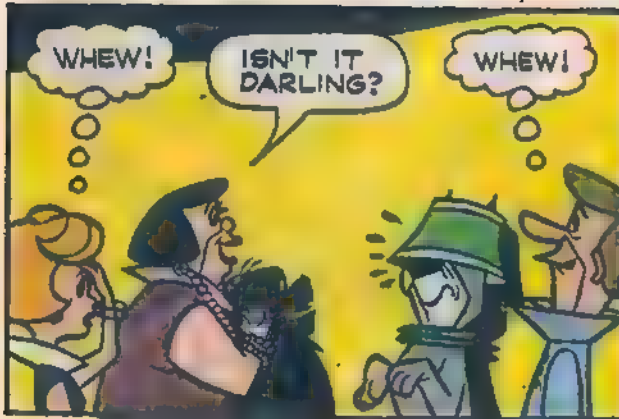




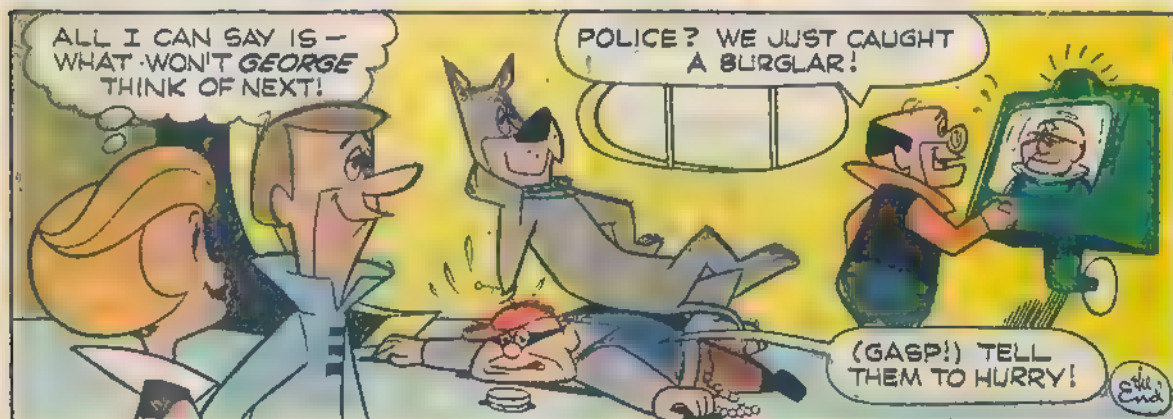
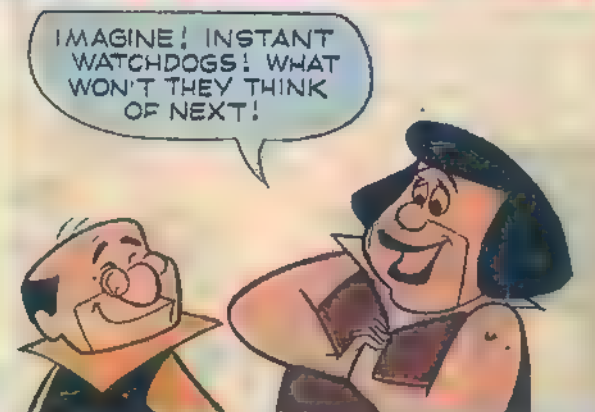
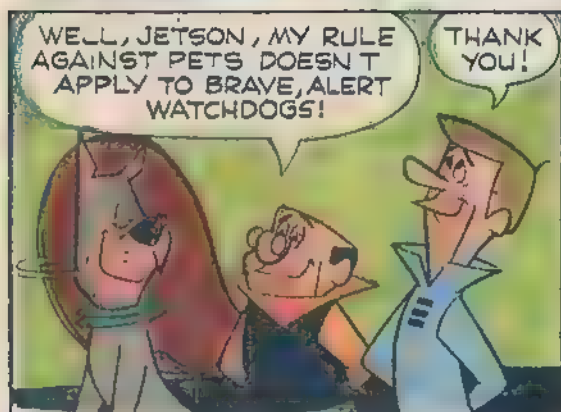
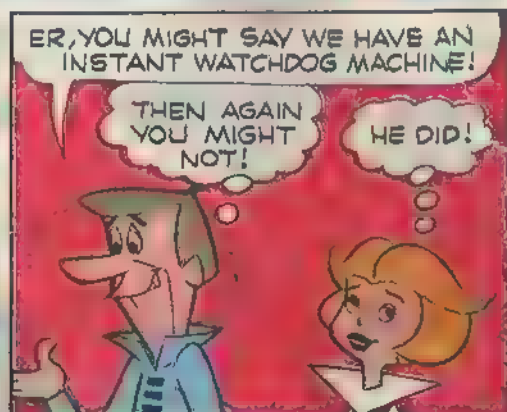
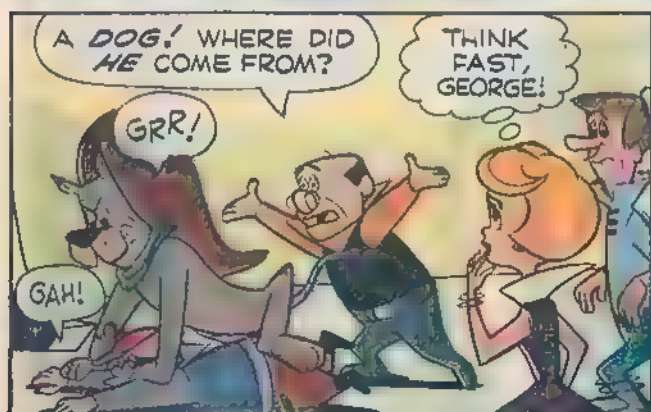
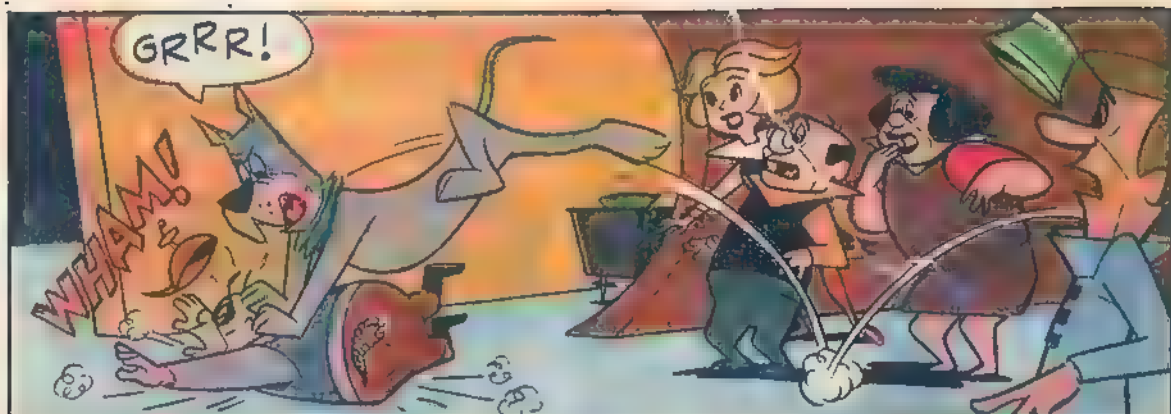




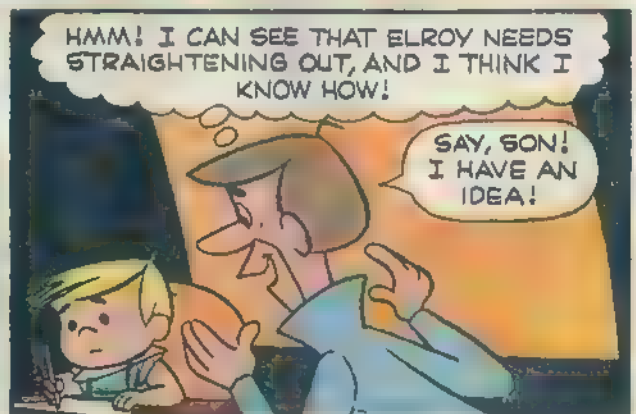
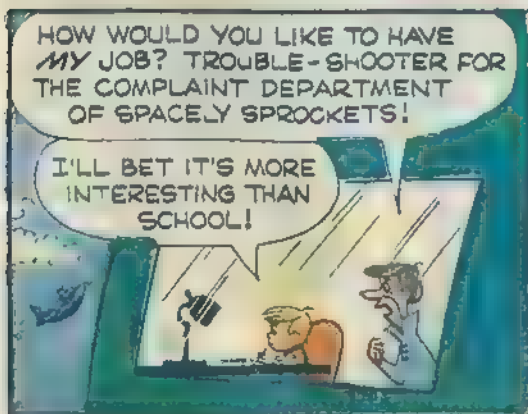
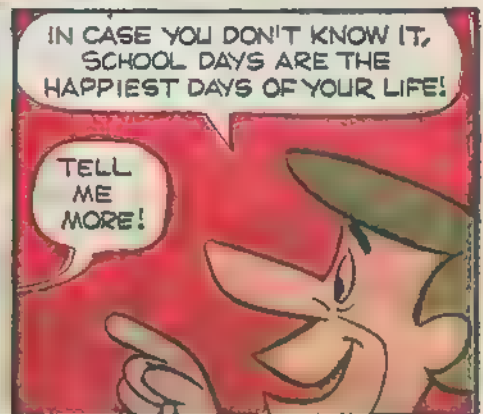
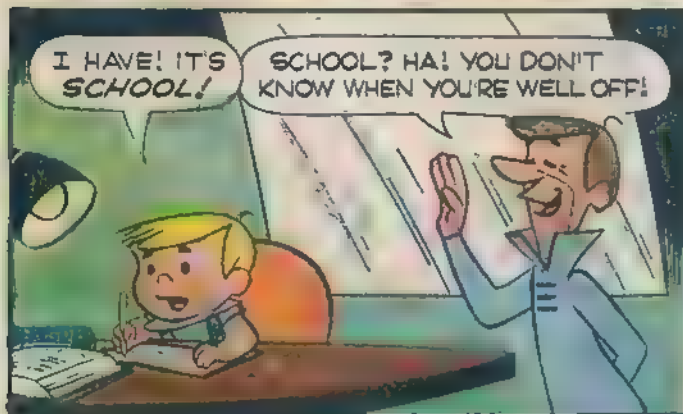
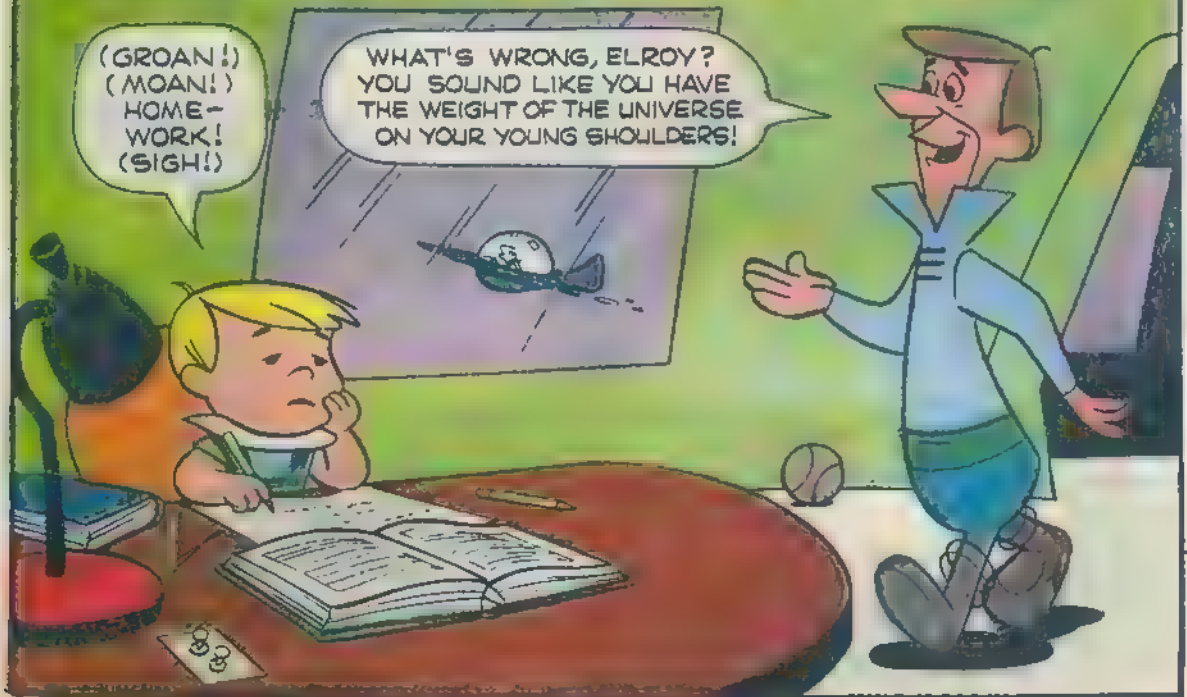




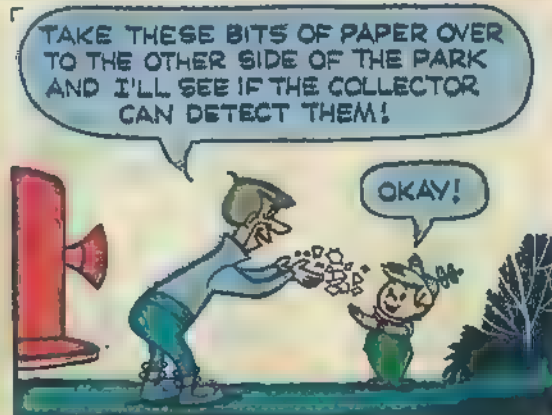
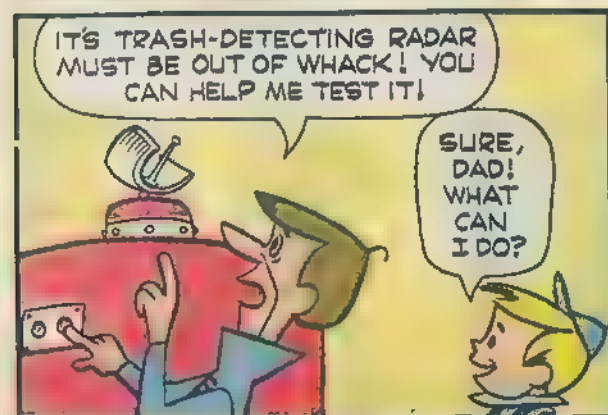
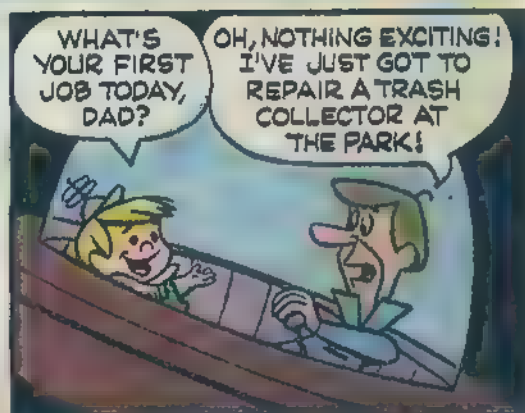
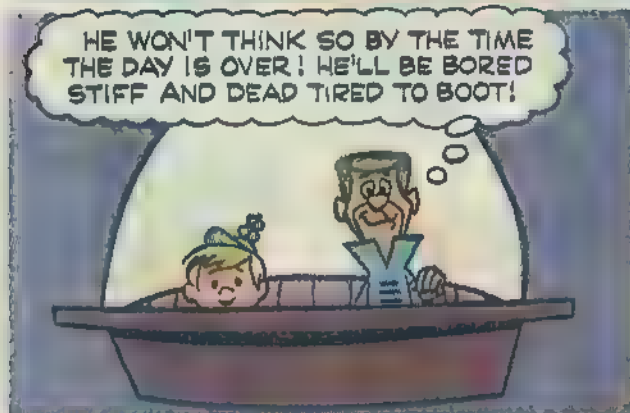
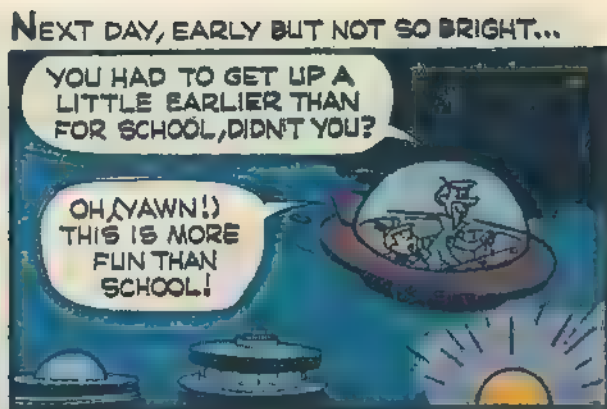
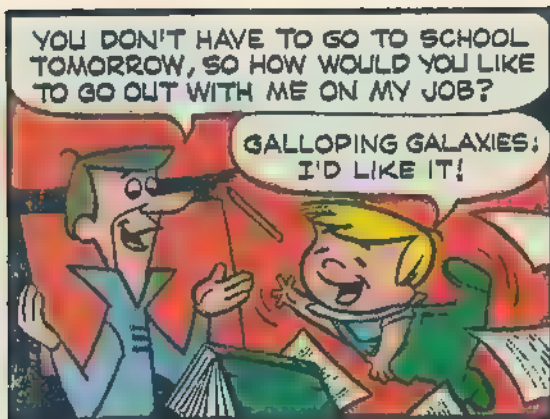




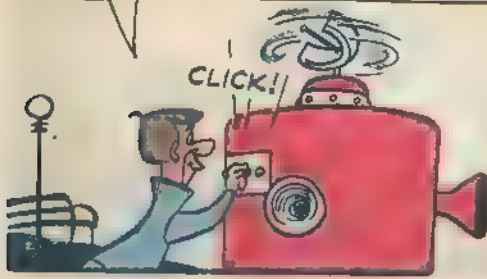








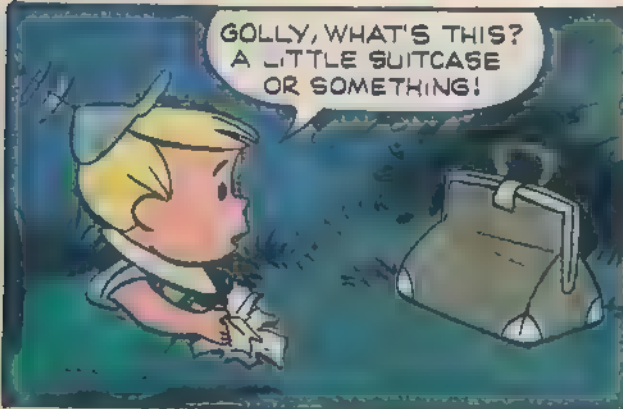
I COULD HAVE TESTED THIS RIGHT NOW,  
WITHOUT ELROY GOING CLEAR ACROSS  
THE PARK, BUT THE WALK WILL HELP  
HIM REALIZE MY WORK'S NO PICNIC!



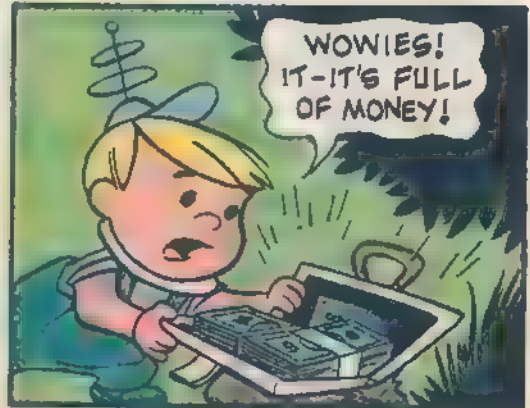
GEE, THIS IS FUN! I'LL PUT THESE  
PIECES OF SCRAP PAPER WAY UNDER  
THIS BUSH AND GIVE THE OL' TRASH  
COLLECTOR A REAL TEST!



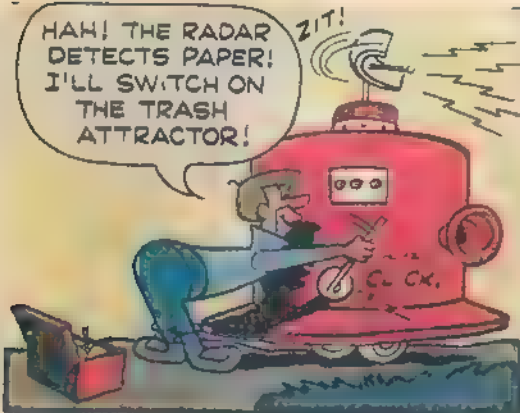
GOLLY, WHAT'S THIS?  
A LITTLE SUITCASE  
OR SOMETHING!



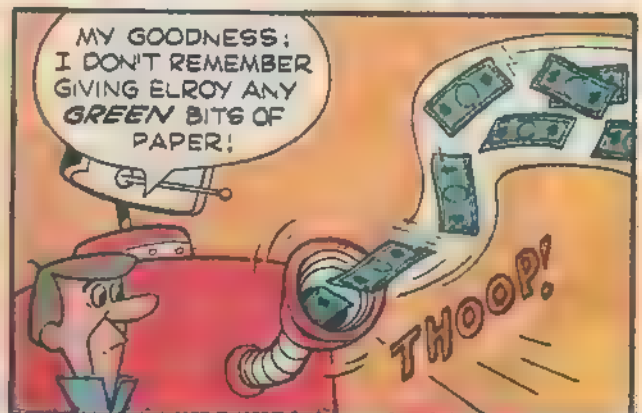
WOWIES!  
IT-IT'S FULL  
OF MONEY!



HAH! THE RADAR  
DETECTS PAPER!  
I'LL SWITCH ON  
THE TRASH  
ATTRACTOR!



MY GOODNESS;  
I DON'T REMEMBER  
GIVING ELROY ANY  
GREEN BITS OF  
PAPER!



SHORTLY...

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. JETSON!  
FINDING THIS LOST ROBBERY  
LOOT WINDS UP OUR CASE! WE  
ALREADY HAVE A SUSPECT IN  
CUSTODY!

THAT'S GOOD!

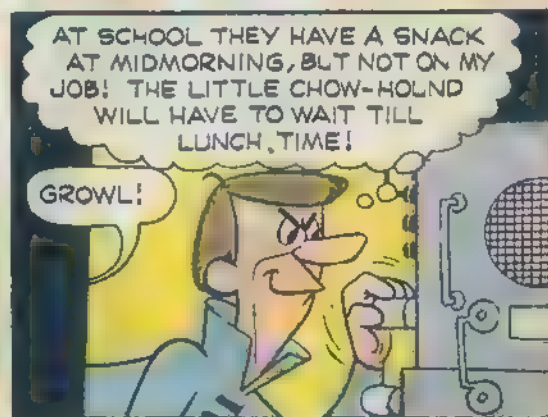
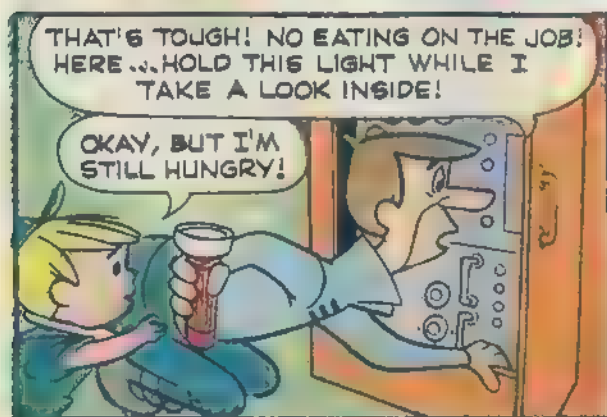
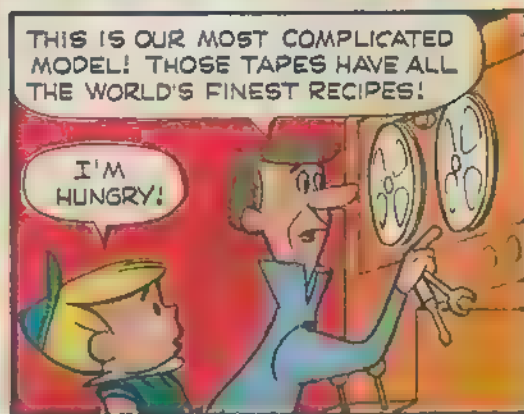
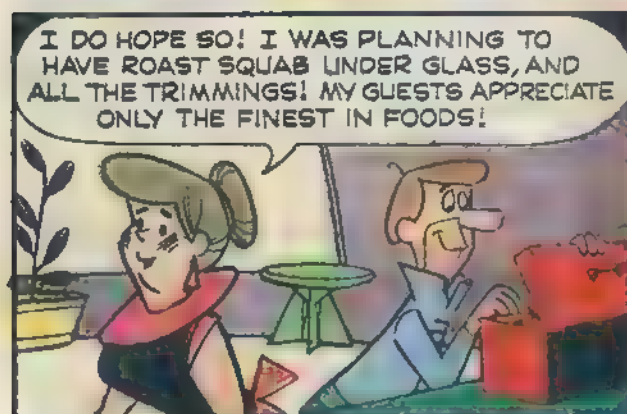
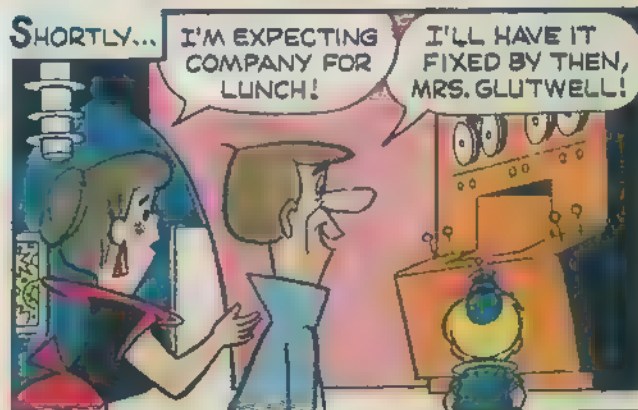
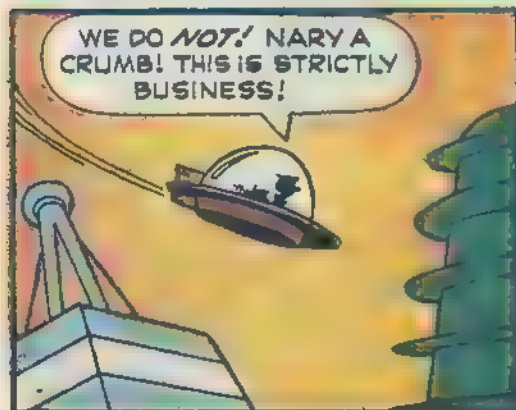
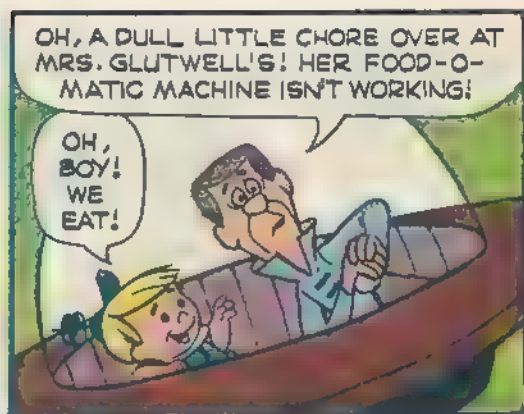


GOSH, DAD!  
HOW EXCITING  
CAN YOUR  
JOB GET?

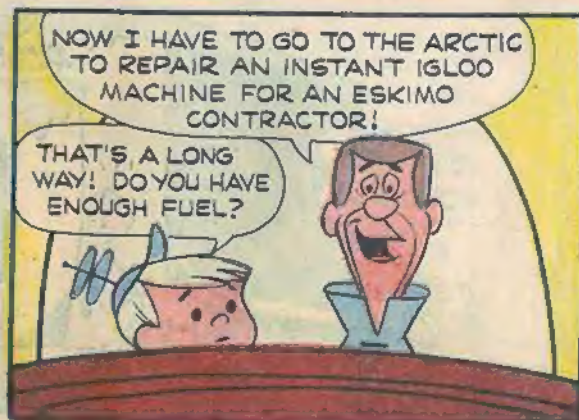
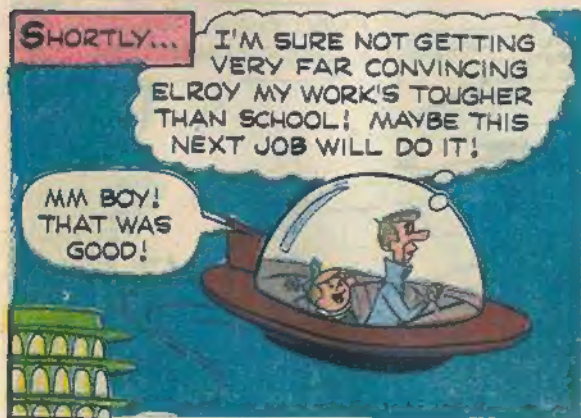
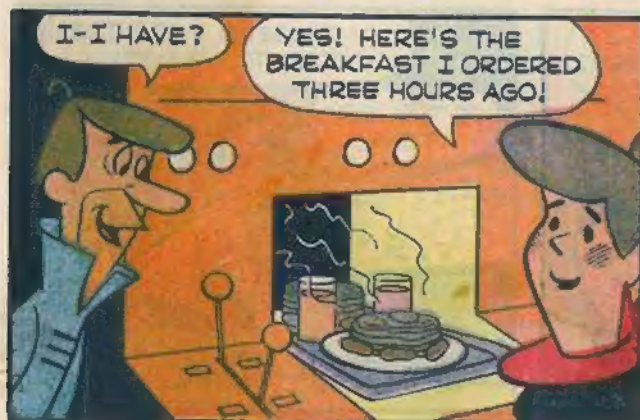
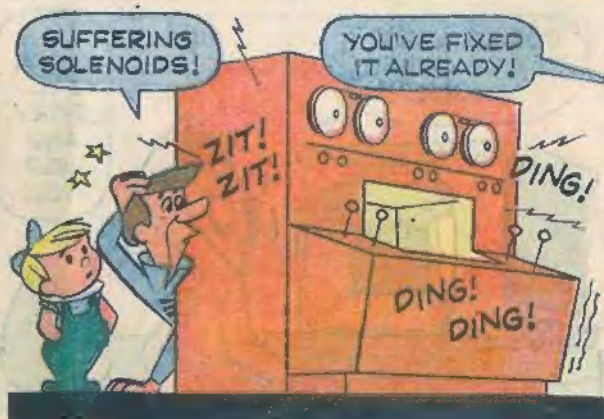
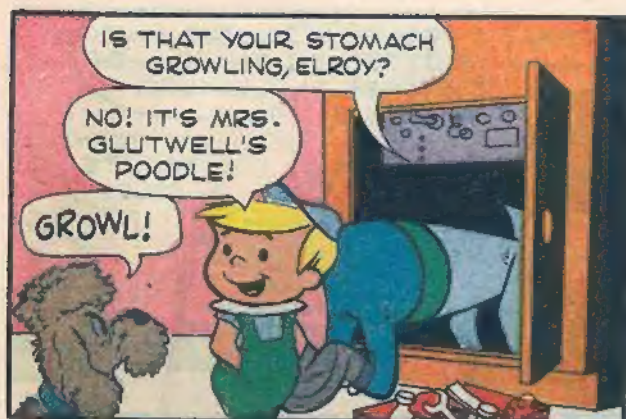
BELIEVE ME,  
ELROY! SOMETHING  
LIKE THIS NEVER  
HAPPENED BEFORE!



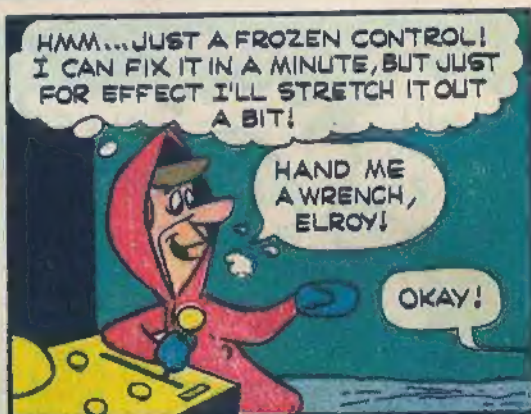










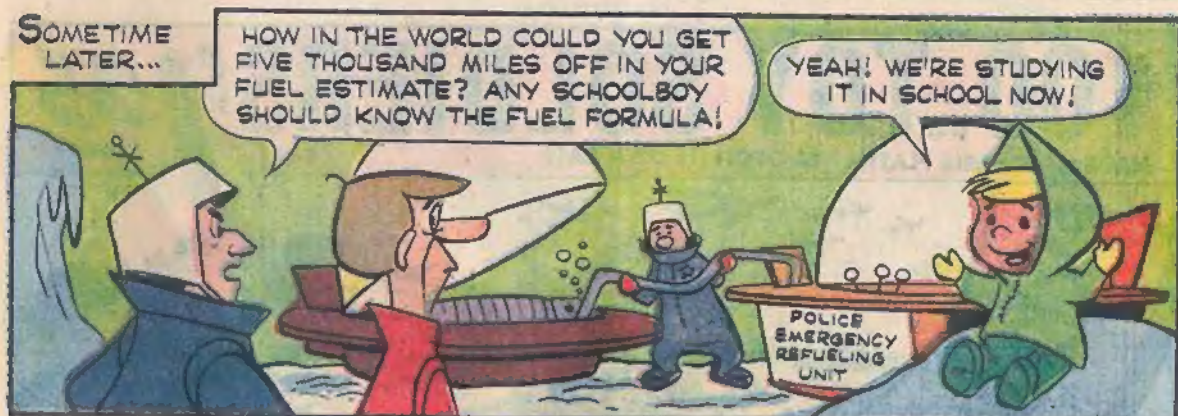




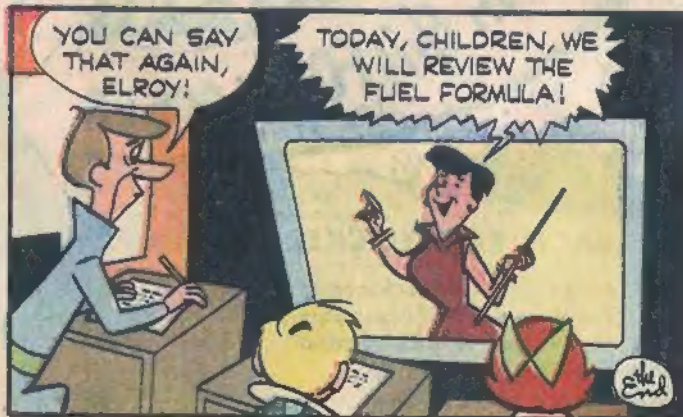
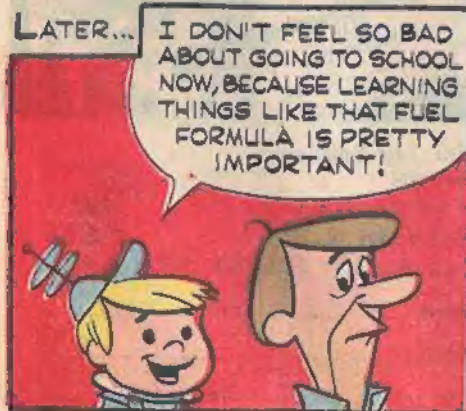
IN A BIT...



SOMETIME LATER...



LATER...





Hanna-Barbera

# ROSEY the Robot

